



UNDER THE IMMEDIATE PATRONAGE OF  
**HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY,**  
**AND HER R. H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT.**

# THE MUSICAL WORLD,

A WEEKLY RECORD OF

*Musical Science, Literature, and Intelligence.*

To know the cause why music was ordained;  
Was it not to refresh the mind of man,  
After his studies or his usual pain?  
Then give me leave to read philosophy,  
And, while I pause, serve in your harmony.  
TAMING OF THE SHREW.

MAY 24, 1838.

No. CXV.—NEW SERIES, NO. XXI.

PRICE 3d.

THE rule relative to the disposition of the Philharmonic Society's funds declares, that "all monies received shall be appropriated to the advancement of the musical art, for which purpose alone this Society is constituted." What specific application of their capital is deemed best adapted to *advance the art* remains, however, in the discretion of the Members, or rather the Directors, who virtually govern the internal arrangements of the association. To this small band of musical patriots, which slightly varies its component parts from year to year, must be assigned the credit of the amazing discoveries made by the Philharmonic Society, of concealed genius; the only draw-back to their gifts of penetration being the difficulty of making the fruits of their researches as apparent to others as to themselves. "The foreign professors of great eminence," who are honorary members, are excluded from the orchestra, and the sagacious councils of the Directors; but they enjoy "free admittance to the concerts for one season;" if they prolong their stay in England beyond that period, this act of courtesy is discontinued.

The production at the Philharmonic performances of undignified marches, tedious *Te Deums*, and of such rant, fustian, and extravagance, as constituted the MS. fantasia which, on Monday last, scared the audience from their accustomed propriety, leads us to consider what manner of progress the members of the Philharmonic Concert have made in the virtuous self-denial requisite to an impartial "advancement of the musical art," in other words, in what way they have patronized and rewarded the exertions of those who, not having the honour of being associated with so much talent, have still spent, and are spending their lives in the culture and illustration of this sublime science—we speak of the interval between the year 1813, and the time at which we write. Who has ever in this borrowing, begging, stealing, and, unless some *reputed fathers* are shockingly belied, *lending* age, consciously or unconsciously, innocently or guiltily,

VOL. IX.—NEW SERIES, VOL. II.

begged, borrowed, stolen, or appropriated a single idea of such compositions as, by the Directors, are usually selected from the *Trial Pieces*, written expressly for the Society, by native artists? Some who have not studied, have written, and been accepted; others who have not invented, have elaborated, and been welcomed by kindred dulness; but how few of the successful candidates have opened any new sources of interest, or sounded any hitherto unexplored depths, in the mechanical or intellectual departments of the art?

We flatter ourselves that we are remarkable for the benignity, candour, and generosity of our disposition: but when we find a knot of unimportant men who, nevertheless, look upon themselves as the only persons of consequence in the profession, cleaving, with blind affection, in spite of the clearer sense of the many clever artists in the ranks of the Philharmonic orchestra, to the sins of contented ignorance, and utter mental prostration; evincing at the same time marvellous willingness and capability in swallowing the most undeserved compliments on their wit and judgment—when, we repeat, the objects for which the Society was instituted are thus unblushingly neglected or thwarted, it is imperative upon us to disturb these old gentlemen of the Mountain, in their propensity to strangle every adventurer in the field of science, who does not happen to belong to their particular *clique*.

We may be deemed severe, or even morose; but we can assure our readers that it is our anxious endeavour not to overstep the limits of a just indignation. No one can accuse us of writing an unkind word of real genius, or even of honest, simple, patient industry. Of what good or great man have we spoken irreverently; or what man's writings or performances have we discountenanced, for any other reason than simply because, we think, we ourselves are not, and, we know, our readers, and the really learned members of the profession, are not to be deceived by bloated pretension, or consumptive inanity? Our rebuke has blasted the gilt gingerbread reputation of one or two impostors, whose appetite for base, hypocritical puffing, would exhaust the epithets of an Orphic Hymn, or beggar the *Gradus ad Parnassum*,—and it will, we trust, continue to prostrate the *enfants gâtés* of men past the years of discretion, or (more pitiable still) of men never destined to attain them. But we have never wittingly inflicted, nor will we inflict a pang on the heart, or ruffle the brow of modest industry or well-directed talent.

If the members of the Philharmonic Society entertain any sincere desire for "the advancement of the musical art," let them abstain from intrigue, chicanery, disingenuousness, and whatever else would injure fame less questionable than at present attaches to the management. Let them call in MUSICIANS to swell their numbers, and reflect a lustre on their order. Let them place their honorary members on the same footing with themselves, and invite them, by liberal offers, to the composition of a succession of standard works, such as will excite the emulation of our native artists, and infuse new strength into the decayed constitution of the society. Twenty-five years have passed away since its formation, and yet no English symphony of any importance has been produced at the meetings. Is this to last the quarter of another century; and is Mendelssohn expected to write more overtures and symphonies for the worthless distinction of "honorary member" to the Philharmonic Society?

## ENGLISH SINGERS, No. II.—MR. INCLEDON.

CHARLES INCLEDON was brought up in the choir of Exeter Cathedral, under the celebrated English composer, Wm. Jackson: for some indiscretions, it seems that Incledon was expelled the choir before his voice broke; he subsequently went to sea, and while there this magnificent organ displayed itself, to the astonishment of every one who heard it. A powerful, sweet, and flexible tenor, of compass up to B flat (with the use of a brilliant falsetto still higher,) and down to G; rich and slightly metallic in its tone, it was beautifully adapted to the class of songs by Dibdin, Shield, Davy, and other writers of their school, which Incledon made his own. Supplied by nature with strong feelings, which had never been either warped by a mis-directed education, or refined and chastened by intercourse with the best society, Incledon stood alone as the singer for the people. "The Lads of the Village," "Poor Tom Bowling," "The Thorn," were in their several styles rendered impressive and just favourites. His performance of Macheath has been mentioned in our last number as reaching a perfection, both in acting and singing, that was owing to the fortunate circumstance of his appearance and habits of life corresponding so nearly with that of the character he represented. But perhaps the greatest thing he ever did was his singing the Storm ("Cease rude Boreas,") on the stage with merely a back scene, representing a vessel in distress, no accompaniment whatever. It is impossible to describe the effect of this man's singing, at the words, "She rights, she rights, boys, we're off shore." You had the vessel before you, the howling of the dreadful tempest, the sails flapping, the boatswain bawling, while every instant she is expected to go down, when the intense agony of joy excited by the pause and start, with the full power and passion of that wonderful voice was let loose upon the ear, producing an effect that can never be forgotten by many yet living who remember him. With all the pains that his friend Shield so constantly took to modify the singing of this child of nature, he never did succeed in rendering him a decent musician; nature in him was all, art nothing. He had no notion of moderation in anything; liberal and inconsiderate, of habits usually termed gay or convivial, and not remarkable for anything approaching to refinement in his language, it will readily be conceived how unlikely such a man was to sober down into the calm, sedate, or enthusiastic musician, who must know something of all styles; and as the Chinese philosopher, *Chang*, describes two of the necessary qualifications of a student—1st, "To conquer his passions, and render himself their master. 2d. To have a sweet, tractable, and complying temper." In neither of which acts of forbearance could the subject of this memoir be said to excel.

Incledon was the idol of the public for nearly twenty-five years. He visited almost every part of England, as "The Wandering Melodist," and realized a very large sum by these summer excursions. Latterly Sinclair was his companion, and contributed materially to enhance the profit of these trips. Of a generous and unenvious disposition, there was no English professor among his contemporaries of whom Incledon was ever heard to speak slightly but Braham. The latter was at the zenith of his fame, a just and prodigious favorite, with a voice equal to his own in power and sweetness, artistically refined and instructed by a first-rate Italian master (Rauzzini) and exciting public attention in the double capacity of singer and composer; we cannot wonder that Incledon's equanimity, was occasionally disturbed at the success of the "*little Jew*," as he always called Braham. On one occasion a trial of strength took place between these two great English vocalists. When "The English Fleet" was brought out, the duet "All's well!" was the grand attraction, and at the rehearsal the effect of Braham's singing was such as completely to terrify Incledon's friends, who began to tremble for his reputation when the performance should take place; however, Charles Incledon roused himself, *did* study the points to be made in this duet; and a friend who was present, tells us there was no comparison between the singing of the two, and especially at the cadence terminating the second verse, when Incledon, who took the second part, made a splendid division, ending with the low bass G (first line,) which completely settled the question of superiority in Charles's favour. It was of course vehemently encored, and they continued to sing it for many nights. And here we can but remark, that such is the march of vocal music, or the accom-

plishments, that the generality of singers are now expected to possess, that this very duet, esteemed such a trial of these two artist's powers, at this present writing could hardly find two tenor singers who would condescend to sing it. What the next generation of singers will have to cope with, it baffles our mental perceptions to conceive. Already the works of Mozart, Spohr, Beethoven, Bellini, Rossini, *cum multis aliis*, of the foreign school, besides the whole immense range of the English style, including Handel, Purcell, Bishop, Barnett, Balfé, Benedict, and many other talented living writers, it is expected shall be as familiar in their mouths as household words; while the *systems* of instruction amid this confusion of style, have become much deteriorated, and assume a form technically known by the appellation of *parrotting*: that is, instead of the singer studying the words of his song, and rendering himself up to the sentiment of his author by long familiarity with his works, (as the manner was with Incledon and others of his day,) the plan is now to get up a song in *ten minutes*, with the garnish of a few misbegotten cadences; inappropriate as a passage from *La Sonnambula* would be in *Spohr's last Judgment*, without a thought of looking into the intention, the *mind* of the composer previous to venturing on (literally) the *execution* of his works. Compass of voice must be shown, says the teacher to his female pupils. Very well; then you must go up to show how well you can touch B flat, and you must go down because, "heaven save the mark," it astonishes people so to hear a "lady sing like a man; and especially as Mrs. S. does it so beautifully, and so did Malibran; therefore cultivate your contr' alto by all means," in other words make yourself ridiculous by attempting what nature, excepting in a very few instances, denies the physical power of accomplishing. We must be excused this slight digression, arising entirely from reflection upon the great change in the cultivation of the vocal art since the days of Incledon, when the purely English style was sung by thoroughly English singers, and listened to, and admired by, a truly English audience; when foreign artists were sought for in their legitimate sphere, the Italian Opera; when, in short, fashion had not usurped the dominion of feeling to the desecration of the really vocal style, and the annoyance of hundreds who even now, if they dared speak, would prefer a good simple ballad, well sung, to all the roulades, caperings, and false extasies of the ultra modern Italian school.

As all the pseudo-critics look so very sharply after the faulty pronunciation of singers, it is necessary, in this instance, to deprive them of their lawful prey, by at once declaring that even the great Incledon was not free from defect in this particular. In the celebrated ballad "Black-eyed Susan," he pronounced the words of the line "when black-eyed *Seuson* came on board;" so also in the line beginning "and quick as lightning," &c. he rendered, "Aand queek as lightning on the deck he staands." But it must be remembered he pretended to no refinement; he sung as feeling, not as grammar prompted him, and, however erroneous such instances were, and annoying doubtless to persons who lived only upon finding out the faults of others; still it is an undecided point, whether they did not make, as it were, part and parcel of his bold, rough, sailor-like style, and had these angles of pronunciation been rounded and pared off, the songs might have been more worthy a modern concert scheme, but for the mass of the people (then unenlightened by the "diffusion of useful knowledge,") to whom Incledon addressed himself, they would by such refinement have lost nearly half their charm. It has been declared, and with some justice, that if Incledon were alive again, his singing would not please as it did in his time; true, and for this reason, we are all so dreadfully refined, so enormously over educated, so fastidious upon points of minor consequence, that we are more anxious about correcting faults than zealously striving to create beauties, more solicitous not to lose cast by admiring what is excellent, merely for its intrinsic merit rather than eager to hail every symptom of real talent, even should it arise in our own country from which we are impudently told nothing musical is expected. We could go on lecturing in this way for hours, but must not exceed due bounds in our brief sketch; a very inadequate but sincere tribute to the memory of the most genuine English singer we ever had.

Incledon was thrice married to very amiable women, the last survived him; and, together with two sons, we believe, are still living. The eldest son inherits

much of the sweetness of voice so characteristic of his father's peculiar organ, the only other reminiscence of which we have left in the celebrated imitation song of Charles Taylor, wherein he gives a verse of "The Storm," in Incledon's style so nearly approaching in tone and manner to the original, that it is almost painful to hear it.

### REVIEWS.

*Choral and Instrumental Fugues of John Sebastian Bach, in continuation of the English Edition of his Forty-eight Preludes and Fugues, arranged from his Masses, Litanies, Oratorios, Exercises, &c., by Henry John Gauntlett. Book II., containing Nos. 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12. LONSDALE.*

No. 7 contains the four part fugue, which opens the *Kyrie* of the mass in G major. As a specimen of counterpoint it is ingenious and learned in the highest degree; but as a specimen of vocal writing it is difficult if not impracticable in execution.

Nos. 8 and 9 are two beautiful fugues from the *Die Kunst der fuge*, wherein the genius of the author is seen in the pure unruffled serenity of ripened judgment and experience.

No. 10 is a charming, lively, and close worked rondo, from the celebrated *Six Sonatas*, which may be played by two performers on the organ or pianoforte, if no violinist be at hand.

No. 11. A fugue in D minor, on the choral "Wir glauben alle an einen Gott," is one of the most imposing, and yet free and chantant, Bach ever wrote.

No. 12 is the celebrated "St. Ann's Fugue."

### METROPOLITAN CONCERTS.

MRS. ANDERSON'S CONCERT.—The Hanover-square Rooms, on Thursday morning last, exhibited a rare display of beauty and fashion. The appearance of the saloon was singularly light and elegant, from the varied costume of every hue of the "daughters fair of this proud isle," who assembled on this occasion, making an overwhelming majority over the sombre "lords of the creation." As seen from the orchestra, the room had the semblance of a succession of radiant rainbows, so brilliant was the effect. We are free to confess we have a decided preference for an auditory of the fair *per se*, and also because there is sufficient enthusiasm to give a stimulant to the performance, without being tired out by injudiciously vociferous *encores*, too often produced by the relations and friends of the artists themselves. Mrs. Anderson's annual *réunion* is always attractive, because there is an absence of charlatanism in the announcements.

The compositions performed were by Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Weber, Spohr, Rossini, &c. The vocalists, Mesdames Placci, Bishop, Hawes; Messrs. Phillips, Stretton, and Ivanhoff. The performers, MM. Labarre, Heinemeyer, Barret, Williams, Baumann, Puzzi, Blagrove, and the *beneficiare*.

The Queen's kindness to the musical profession is proverbial; and although etiquette prevented her attendance at the concert of her instructress and pianist, with her customary consideration she allowed the use of her private band, the members of which performed the overture to the "Jessonda," themes from the "Huguenots," and a finale by Länner. Mr. Williams, the clarionet player, is a distinguished artist; but the most remarkable member of the band is André. This professor is fully as extraordinary a player on the serpent as Dragonetti on the double bass; and Mr. Anderson has evinced great discrimination by securing the assistance of such an artist for his band.

The most attractive feature in the programme was the celebrated Concerto in D minor, composed by Mendelssohn, for his performance at the last Birmingham Festival. Mrs. Anderson has gained the suffrages of all lovers of classical compositions, by the praiseworthy zeal she has ever evinced for the production of good music at her performances in public. We had heard her perform this concerto at the first Philharmonic Concert. We withheld our commendations because they would have been ill placed and ill deserved. We know our notices are looked

for and regarded in the professional circles, and knowing this we never will conceal the truth; and although it was our lot to undertake an unpleasant duty on the occasion alluded to, justice to Mendelssohn, to the directors, to the amateurs at Birmingham, and to ourselves, imperatively called on us to affect no concealment. On Thursday last, Mrs. Anderson played this great composition as we well knew she could play it, although we regretted to lose a part of the opening movement. Throughout she proved herself eminently successful, giving to the delicious melodies of the slow movement the requisite feeling and expression, and coming out with more physical power than we could have anticipated in the difficult finale. The more we become acquainted with this concerto, the more striking do its manifold beauties appear. Cold and callous must be the *spectator* who could listen to such a score, and not feel inspired with the lively episodes abounding throughout, combining the time-honoured model of Bach, and the ever-changing treatment of Thalberg. We do not know a composition for the pianoforte, of any moment, more heart-stirring than the tide of octaves and arpeggios which rolls in towards the end. Calm and collected must be the mind, flexible in finger and strong in the wrist must be the hand, which can have the proper mastery and command over the instrument, to execute this concerto. Beethoven's Quintet in E flat, was the most finished performance we ever remember to have witnessed:—the *beneficiare*,—Mr. Williams, on the clarinet,—Mr. Baumann, on the bassoon,—and Mr. Puzzi, on the horn,—were severally delicious; and Mr. Barrett, as solo player on the oboe, is, both in style and tone, incomparable, and his reading evidently demonstrates the refined musician. It is in the conception and appreciation of the meaning of the composer, that the foreign artist so far transcends our native orchestra performer. When will our young members of the profession begin to think?

The vocalists were all happy in their exertions, but we do hope Mr. Phillips will not surfeit us with his ballad, which we must repeat, does not reflect any credit upon him as a composer. There was nothing else done but what we have often noticed with commendation, which we cheerfully now reiterate.

**MESSRS. T. AND G. COOKE'S CONCERT.**—These gentlemen, assisted by Mrs. Bishop, Miss Rainforth, Miss Masson, Mrs. E. Knight, Miss Hawes, Messrs. Balfe, Phillips, Ivanhoff, Allen, Hawkins, Chapman, Richardson, and Sterndale Bennett, afforded an agreeable treat to a crowded room on the evening of Thursday last. Mr. Grattan Cooke, in a solo on the oboe, obtained very considerable applause, by the fine quality of his tone and the precision of his execution. A new madrigal by the father was encored—it is decidedly a legitimate composition, and if an old name had been attached to it, the beauty of the counterpoint would have been insisted upon by the madrigalists, who, however, must have an antique date to give value to this school of writing. We should add, that the words by G. Budd, Esq. are quaint and pretty. Mr. W. Sterndale Bennett exacts our warmest praise, for his brilliant playing of a selection from the pianoforte works of Mendelssohn, including several of the "*Lieder ohne Worte*," with the vocal duet. The performance of these "songs without words," as they are termed, told better than we expected. There is the impress of mind when Bennett touches the piano—the hearer is certain that no common hand is bringing out such tones. Richardson's rapid improvement is manifest—his flute fantasia elicited a storm of approbation. Balfe was encored in his own ballad, "Look forth my fairest;" but the compliment was most deserved when he gave with Ivanoff, Rosini's characteristic duet, "*Gli Marinari*." We must eulogize Allen for selecting the omitted air of Don Ottavio from the *Giovanni*, and we only regret that he has not more power to do justice to his good taste. Miss Rainforth appeared in a song, by Mr. G. Cooke, and in the National Anthem: she has acquired much finish, and we may justly compliment Mr. Cooke on the advance his pupil is making in public estimation.

Mr. Cooke is a clever musician; it seems he aspires to be considered a wit, by producing the Cuckoo symphony; Mr. Grattan undertaking the drum of the bird, and the senior performing on a comb. We must request Mr. Cooke if he should again perform the Toy symphony, to send in some friends who can find out something to laugh at in a scene most insufferably dull and lugubrious. We were shocked to see a respectable professor, a member and leader of the Philharmonic



orchestra, burlesquing the *fortiture* of Rubini through a horn comb, and if it did not shock his friends, at all events it made the majority serious. The whole affair was stupid beyond conception. We also regretted to observe, that at the commencement of the concert, there were in the orchestra more performers than could be accommodated with sufficient copies of the music to be executed; but in the progress of the entertainment, the members of the band, and not the parts, were in a woful minority.

**ANCIENT CONCERTS.**—The concert held under the direction of Lord Burghersh, appears to have produced an immense sensation amongst his brother directors; and the *eclat* which attended the production of a part of the "*Magnificat*," composed by Sebastian Bach, induced his Grace the Archbishop of York to adorn the programme of the seventh concert, rehearsed on Monday, and held on yesterday evening, with a Selection from the High Mass in B minor. In this step, how much soever we may applaud the zeal, we cannot but lament the indiscretion of its originator. The truly vocal works of Sebastian Bach, the choral movements which can be sung without private rehearsals, are the vocal motets for a double choir and the litanies. The lovely motet in B flat, the deeply pathetic one in A major—more in the passionate style of Beethoven, than in the stately current of the great Protestant school of Church music—the noble ones in E and G minor, and the choral movement in E flat from the Litany in G minor, are severally compositions which would tell at a first performance. Unfortunately these grand and simple specimens of Bach's choral music were overlooked, and arias and choruses selected from a missa, written in a form which is now obsolete, and not to be performed in its original state. The movements were—

No. 4.—Chorus, Gloria in excelsis.

No. 8.—Solo, Mezzo Soprano, "*Qui sedes.*"

No. 9.—Solo, Bass, "*Quoniam tu solus.*"

The chorus is accompanied, we believe, by three obligati trumpets, the alto tromba extending to E in alt. This part of course Mr. Harper could not play, nor indeed could any body, with the instrument now in use in our orchestras. The aria, "*Qui sedes*," has an obligato accompaniment for the tenoroon or oboe d'amore, an instrument which extended below the corno Inglese. This Mr. Grattan Cooke attempted on the common oboe, and of course stopped at the very outset of his exertions. The Bass Solo, "*Quoniam tu solus*," is accompanied by a corno and two fagotti. The passages for the horn were next to impracticable, and Mr. Denman was furnished with a fagotti part which appeared greatly incorrect. Of course the selection was slaughtered, the soli players retiring in dismay, and leaving Mr. Knyvett to play their parts on the organ, which he did most manfully, after the fashion of the men of the last generation, "*Solo on the cornet stop.*"

Through want of caution, and some proper acquaintance with the score of Sebastian Bach, this fine music has been altogether murdered and dishonoured. Lord Burghersh had taken the precaution to have the scores of his selection looked over and adjusted to the resources of a modern orchestra. So far his lordship acted with the tact of a sound amateur; and it is to be regretted that he did not recommend a similar step to be taken on the present occasion. But these little mishaps will occur; indeed, they usually attend the production of great compositions. The choral music of Bach is rapidly making its way, and next season will probably reveal him in all his glory, in his motets and litanies.

The other compositions were from the Creation, Don Juan, David Penitente, Solomon, Messiah, Saul, Judas Maccabæus, &c. &c. The singers were Mrs. Knyvett, Mrs. Bishop, Mrs. Shaw, and Madlle. Schrickel; M.M. Ivanhoff, Hawkins, Bennett, Phillips, and Parry. Mrs. Bishop sang the "*A compir*," which was brilliantly accompanied by Mr. Mori; Mrs. Shaw, the "*Ah perfido*" of Beethoven; and Ivanhoff the "*A te fra tanti*." These were severally charming displays of vocal ability; indeed, the concert in this respect was altogether excellent.

**SIXTH PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.**—*Part I.*: Sinfonia Pastorale, Beethoven; Aria, Signor Ivanhoff, "*Fra poco a me*," Donizetti; Fantasia, Pianoforte, Mr. Doehler, Doehler; Cavatina, Mrs. H. R. Bishop, "*Robert, toi que j'aime*," Meyerbeer; Overture, Oberon, C. M. von Weber.

*Part II.*—Sinfonia in E flat, Mozart; Quartetto, Mrs. Bishop, Signor Ivanhoff,

Mr. Stretton, and Mr. Giubelei, "A te, o cara," Bellini; Concerto, Violin, M. Auguste Pott, Lipinski; Terzetto, Signor Ivanhoff, Mr. Stretton, and Mr. Giubelei, "Or che la sorte," Rossini; Overture, MS. Les Exilés, Guynemer. Leader, Mr. Mori; Conductor, Mr. H. R. Bishop.

This *reunion* was rendered interesting by the first appearance of M. Doehler, the distinguished pianist in the new school of pianoforte playing, and M. Auguste Pott, the Maestro di Capella to H.R.H. the Grand Duke of Oldenburg, and in many respects the most extraordinary violinist ever heard in this country. It was also remarkable, but disastrously, for the first appearance of an almost interminable fantasia, composed by an associate of the name of Guynemer, and which emptied the room more rapidly than any composition we ever saw posted as a finale, with or without such a purpose in view.

M. Doehler was received on his entrance into the orchestra with that warmth of commendation which may be considered as due to him, when it is recollected that whilst in Paris he had entered, and successfully, the lists with the giant Thalberg. On the present occasion he brought forward a fantasia on *motifs* from the Guillaume Tell. We have little to add to what has already been written, in these pages, on his abilities. As a composer, M. Doehler does not occupy an exalted position; but as a performer, he is a perfect adept in every feature of the new school. Gracefulness, delicacy, and brilliancy, are the leading characteristics of his style; but he wants the power, fire, and energy which marked the *premier pianiste* of the last season. But if he has not the mighty weight of Thalberg's left hand, he revels in the most monstrous extensions, joined with an extraordinary freedom and play in the outside fingers of his right, which was displayed in a brilliant shake in the last variation but one, and throughout the whole of the finale. In the fantasia we traced something like the passages of Henselt, but more of the extended positions and clever chicanery of Chopin, the latter, from his quiet mode of performance, he may be said in many respects to resemble. His efforts were enthusiastically received, and on his retiring from the instrument, the incessant acclamations of the subscribers compelled him to return and repeat the more surprising portions of his composition.

M. Auguste Pott we understand to be a *protégé* of H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, and no artist can be more deserving of the highest patronage. He appeared in the concerto in B minor, the composition of Lipinski, and which it will be remembered was played by its composer at the Philharmonic Concerts in 1836. M. Lipinski, although his performances in this country did not make the impression it was expected, may be considered the Paganini of Germany, and the founder of a school against which Paganini ascertained by experience he could not stand, Lipinski proving the greater favourite, and being generally considered the superior artist. M. Auguste Pott, in tone, is without rival, neither De Beriot or Spohr approaching him in the volume of his upper notes. In the grappling with double stops, thirds, sixths, octaves, and tenths, M. Pott is also without his equal. In passages at which Lipinski was accustomed to show uneasiness, this violinist triumphed most felicitously. The school is quaint and withal old fashioned, like that of some of the German opera writers of the last generation; and hence M. Pott may not be so generally esteemed as many of his contemporaries, who not having a tithe of his talent, may venture to run a lance against his breast. If he would consult his worldly interest, he should descend somewhat from the æsthetical position he has hitherto maintained as a *virtuosen*, and be content to adopt a few tricks current with the French and Italian *maestri*. He was most warmly and vigorously applauded.

The Philharmonic Society we have long foreseen is becoming the arena of the grossest intrigue; and this, we think, was consummated in the insult offered to the subscribers on Monday, by the production of "The Exiles," a dramatic fantasia. But as the "Exiles" banished at least six hundred persons from the room—all indeed, except those whom a sense of duty compelled to remain—we presume the directors who so thoughtlessly—ought we not to say so corruptly—voted for its performance, have now drunk the bitter cup of humiliation and scorn even to the dregs. Have the directors forgotten the glorious overture, by Onslow, their countryman; the spirited overture by Lindpainter; the fine composition by Müller; and the Op. 60, of Kalliwoda? Nay, would nothing do but



that they should degrade their brother director and member, Mr. Potter, by the preference shown for the inanities of their associate Mr. Guynemer? If there be any *charm* in the word *associate* (which if it now exist, as the directors appear to progress, will not exist long,) we might have presumed Mr. Lucas would have had the preference, who really can and does write clever music, but of which these sapient and conscientious directors pertinaciously persist in washing their hands.

To attempt to analyse "The Exiles," a dramatic fantasia, would be to descend to the level of the composer; we subjoin the *synopsis* of its details, translated by some person happily ignorant of the idioms of the English language, and possibly from some unknown tongue, which was too confined in its resources for the transmission of common sense. Mr. Guynemer's music was not a whit more elegant or scholarlike than the English of his *synopsis*, which runs thus:—"A body of Exiles assemble and determine no longer to submit to the *cruelties imposed upon them by their rulers*, but to *obtain*, (by force) *their escape* from banishment: *they revolt*, and are successful in their efforts to regain *their liberty*: *they reach their native land in triumph*." The symphonies were well executed; and the vocalists sang very delightfully (particularly Ivanhoff) in the aria from the "Lucia," which some person had very indifferently instrumented, the genuine score being denied. Mr. Bishop should either conduct or allow Mr. Mori to do so for him. We cannot see the propriety of a conductor turning his back on the audience, for the sole apparent purpose of coquetting with his baton and score, and leaving the business—the work—to the leader.

MR. MOSCHELES' CONCERT.—The crowded state of our number compels us to postpone a notice of this concert to next week.

#### CHIT-CHAT FROM THE CONTINENT.

SECOND CONCERT SPIRITUEL AT VIENNA.—Beethoven was, is, and will probably remain, the boldest adventurer upon the sea of harmony. His every attempt upon this boundless ocean turns out to be a voyage of discovery, whence he continually returns with something new and surprising. Should it sometimes appear as though the bold argonaut were in imminent danger from the lofty surrounding rocks, or likely to be driven on a wild and uninhabited shore, yet his mighty genius is never at a loss, and he can yield himself confidently to the unerring compass of inward feeling, till he finds himself on the opposite shore of a new Atlantic. The pastoral symphony of Beethoven, which was the first piece of the concert, has given rise to these thoughts. How wonderfully original is the whole of this lovely composition. We feel ourselves as if transported on magical wings to that Arcadia, of whose existence we read in the fabulous legends of vanished ages. The scene by the rivulet is redolent with an inexpressible charm. The rich foliage of the arched grove waves over our head, and shelters us from the mid-day sun; while the balmy fragrance is floating around us. While listening to the soft murmur of the gently flowing stream, among the merry songs and joyful chirping of the songsters among the branches, we may fancy ourselves following the steps of a young and happy pair, who are for the first time revealing their love. The musician then leads us away to the mountains and valleys of alpine scenery, and to scenes of mirth and dancing, where every thing seems to rejoice and exult. And now a storm breaks suddenly in, and dissipates the universal joy. What a contrast to the foregoing scenes are the wild uproar, fantastic, giant-like forms, and massive confusion of this bold transition. The storm at length dies away in the distance, the wide horizon is again lit up, and the shepherd's flute is heard breathing in the calm landscape. We may fancy we see the rainbow, and hear all nature rejoice, and offer homage to the praise and glory of the Creator.

With respect to the execution of this musical poem, it is sufficient to say that it was perfect in all its parts, and was received by the audience as so sublime and classical a composition deserved to be. An elegant chorale of Sacchini's followed, "Mentis oppressæ," and was very well executed. Putler played Mozart's concerto in C, perhaps with scarcely sufficient feeling for a Concert Spirituel. The last piece was the fugue: "In te Domine speravi," from Neukomm's Te Deum. This was very well played, but it is too long and monotonous.

## THEATRICAL SUMMARY.

## HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

THURSDAY night found us in a house crowded to suffocation, again listening to the *Don Juan*, now to all parties we should trust, an enjoyment of the most subduing luxury. We say *now* an enjoyment, for Mozart's music at the first hearing is too elaborate, and has too much meaning, variety, originality, character, and sentiment, to go off with general admiration. The *Juan* is now, however, in the situation of a common-place opera, (no bad thing in its way) and bringing with it a pleasure of an indolent and voluptuous kind. You solace yourself in being brought into renewed intercourse with a pleasant acquaintance—you have ceased to think—the perceptions of the master flash across the mind instantaneously in all their full proportions, and you resign yourself to the agreeable occupation simply of observing the *mise en scene*, whilst the sounds fall on the ear like exhalations from the heavens, soft and bright, each veiling in new delight the loveliness of the past.

As we prognosticated, the great and astonishing powers of Persiani are rapidly unfolding, and she is taking up an impregnable position in the opinions of the *habitués* of this fashionable and brilliant scene. Since the ascendancy of *Fodor*, no artist has invested the character of *Zerlina*, with so much truth and grace as Persiani. If the latter has not the beautiful movements, the soul-subduing voluptuousness, the splendid figure with its "marmoreal depth" of bosom, which marked the great singer of past times, still she makes up for such deficiencies, and carries all before her by the bewitching portraiture of the Spanish girl, in all her native grace and picturesqueness. We were perfectly absorbed and wrapt in the contemplation of her first scene with Tamburini, who by the way, has too much bustle and motion about him for the proper display of the beguiling and courtly amorosness of the Spanish libertine. Still the temptation he offers is more than womanly strength could be expected to resist; for what woman could hear with self possession the dazzling promises distilled into her ears, in the glowing and ardent language of such a cavalier, encircled with such natural and adventitious advantages. But the conduct of Persiani is not the feeble dalliance of the callous coquette; nothing can be more exquisite than the gradual manner in which she abandons herself to the witchery of the hour, closing the avenues of thought, and steeling her affections to the reminiscences of her betrothal with *Masetto*. She was encored in all her songs, and in the duet "*La ci darem*." In the reading of the music she pleases more than any artist we remember to have heard;—her alterations are few—her innovations rare—but all is done in fine taste, and with a proper reverence and love for the reputation of Mozart. Grisi, although not happy in "maiden characters," personates "*Donna Anna*" as successfully as ever. We have already fully spoken of the performances of all the singers in our last number, but we have one remark to make on the execution of the "*Il mio tesoro*," by Rubini. It is crowded with ornament, but certainly not inappropriate, nor unmusician-like. The singing of the last scene in the *Lucia*, by this artist, is the greatest triumph of the art now to be witnessed, and to the conceptions of Rubini, the word unmusician-like ought not to be applied. His resumption of the theme given by Mozart to the violins, because, in all probability the singer he wrote it for could not get through the remainder of the passage, is commendable and effective in the extreme. Why he does not take the whole of the vocal passage which follows we know not, except possibly the exhaustion of breath attending his shake, renders it inconvenient. The applause at the conclusion of the opera was immense.

On Saturday night, royalty, rank, and fashion, attended the third representation of "*Don Giovanni*;" and, if we are to judge from the enthusiasm of the subscribers displayed throughout the opera, there must be a greater love for the classical in the world of fashion than has been generally attributed to the aristocratic visitors of the Italian Opera House. The attention was strict from the beginning to the end. There was no noisy talking; and the applause burst forth, at the right places, with a fervour which must have satisfied the most devoted Mozartian. The singing of Persiani and Grisi, of Lablache, Rubini, and Tamburini, never seemed to be more acceptable than in the noble strains which they

poured forth. We really entertain strong hopes that the manager might venture safely, on subscription nights, to give the German masters, such was the evident improvement in taste evinced on Saturday night. Her Majesty took great interest in the performance, which she frequently applauded.

One act of *Benyowsky* was announced as the ballet, and was signalized by the most tremendous disturbance we have witnessed this season. It is now very well known that faith has not been kept with the subscribers in respect to the engagement of first rate dancers. Many boxes were taken, upon the promises held out in the prospectus, that Taglioni was to be engaged. The lessee has offered her terms which she cannot accept, and at an inferior Theatre she finds her own offers gladly acceded to. These facts being notorious, the storm could not be averted, and it broke out as soon as the curtain rose. After the most frightful noises, Laporte came on with his usual *sang froid*, and commenced a speech, "Ladies and Gentlemen!"—(as we understood him)—"What do you require?—what is your pleasure?"—"Taglioni Taglioni."—"I cannot get her; but it is my wish that you should enjoy ("Fanny Elsler, Duvernay") as good a ballet as can be got for ("Taglioni, Taglioni,") this time (tremendous hisses drowned the speaker's voice.) Some person from the stalls cried out—"Why not give Taglioni her terms." Laporte proceeded—"I cannot now explain the reasons why I could not engage her." This produced a terrific yell, with obligato stunning effect, and a running accompaniment of hisses. The manager eventually retired, amidst shouts of disapprobation, which were prolonged for some time. The moral of all this is, that Laporte must perceive he cannot solely depend on his vocalists, however distinguished they may be, and that he must attend to the wishes of the votaries of Terpsichore.

On Tuesday night Persiani delighted the subscribers by her matchless singing in "*La Sonnambula*," in the finale of which she received a double *encore*; and one act of *Norma* was given with Grisi. Laporte having announced a new ballet and a new dance, there was "peace in Israel."

It is painful to have to iterate the same burden: but it will soon come to its "dying fall." Mr. C. Kean has thrust himself upon us; we have not singled him out. By playing *Othello* he has, we believe, completed the small circle of parts in which he has been perfecting himself in the country for the last two or three years; and, in so doing, has consummated his wilful act of suicide. 'Tis a character of all others fatal to mediocrity of talent. Your average actor can make nothing of it. Its simple grandeur and heroic proportions foil equally the mechanical and the fustian actor. Trick cannot grapple, nor rant cope with it. Nobility of soul is the leading feature of the Moor: that he is above suspicion is the secret of the elemental war within him, when jealousy is once engendered. The petty annoyances or sterner difficulties of existence, find and leave him unmoved; and his repose is calm and majestic as that of the slumbering ocean. But when the secret recesses of his heart are invaded, when reached—

"Where either he must live, or bear no life;"

the tempest is of the darkest and most fitful kind, "*imis stagna refusa vadis*."

Mr. C. Kean's *Othello*, like his other performances, consists of a confused mass of petty effects, and consequently it leaves no impression on the mind but one of wearisomeness. His passion is about as near reality as the thunder, rain, and lightning of the scene, and his declamation little removed from a well trained schoolboy's. In the earlier scenes he wants dignity, in the latter feeling.

The *Iago*, performed by a new candidate for public favour, a Mr. Ternan, is the chief recommendation of the tragedy, as at present acted at Drury Lane. It is not a great, but it is an elaborate and highly judicious performance.

There cannot be a more marked contrast than that afforded by the styles of these two actors. Mr. Ternan seeks for no points, as they are technically called, but allowing each situation to evolve itself naturally, trusts to the general effect produced by his representation. Mr. C. Kean thinks of nothing else than the momentary twinkle of these bits of foil, and as he never secures concentration, so the whole of them are finally absorbed in darkness.

*Desdemona*, the loveliest of Shakspeare's female creations, is mangled and mammoocked by a young lady of the name of Alison; or rather is turned, from a

gentle, noble-hearted woman, into a doll. If desecration can be committed out of the pale of pure holiness, it has certainly been committed here.

Some new scenery, introduced to localise the play more than has usually been done, deserves all praise.

*Henry VIII.* has been revived at Covent Garden, and most unwisely. The *Wolsey* of Mr. Macready is a good piece of acting, viewed with reference to the actor's conception; but we do not take this to be the poet's;—why, we will explain at better opportunity. And Miss H. Faucit's *Queen Katherine* is on a par with Miss Alison's *Desdemona*. The minor parts were enacted "most ill-favourably."

The Adelphi has closed after a so-so season. Power has repaired to the Haymarket, where he does "yeoman's service;" and there are rumours of excellent new pieces forthcoming here, one by Knowles, *inter alia*.

The Olympic has introduced an agreeable stranger, named *Captain Clatter*; and the St. James's has been rejoicing in the reproduction of *The Devil's Bridge*. At the Strand Theatre, *Tobit's Dog* is still alive and barking. Of Ducrow, anon.

**MR. BALFE'S NEW OPERA.**—Since our last number, Balfé's opera of "*Diadeste, or the Veiled Lady*," has been produced, and has been performed every night since its first representation on Thursday last. The very unsuccessful state of the treasury of late, even since the return of Mr. C. Kean, no doubt induced the manager to bring out Balfé's opera in haste, to take the chance of a diversion in his favour. We doubt much whether the object will be gained, for the *libretto* is the most ridiculous one we ever sat out, and we question also whether the music is of a quality sufficiently redeeming to compensate for the sitting out of so dull an affair. "*Diadeste*" is a game which consists in one person offering a gift to another, which, if accepted, must be acknowledged by the exclamation "*Diadeste!*" in default of which is any forfeit that may be asked for. *Celina* (Miss Romer), wife of *Manfredi*, (Templeton), a Venetian sultana, resorts to this game to cure her liege lord of jealousy, and to restore *Count Steno* (Phillips), a foppish intriguer, to the affections of his affianced Countess, *Amalfi* (Miss F. Healey). By changing dresses and the assumption of veils, the ladies ultimately succeed in the plot, being aided by *Zambo* (Giubelei), a negro, and *Ursula* (Miss Poole), the attendant of *Celina*. The incidents are spun out in a twaddling dialogue, amidst the pretty scenery of the Grieves, who have painted some exquisite views of Venice. The opera is called *buffa*, for what reason we are at a loss to learn, for the music has not the slightest approximation to any comic school. Surely Mr. Balfé does not mean to call the air of "*Chichaboo*" (well sung by Giubelei) a *buffo* song; but this is really the only thing in "*Diadeste*" in which the *vis comica* is affected. The concerted music we consider the best. The quartet in the opening scene, "*Come listen all*," is dramatic and prettily instrumented. The "*Diadeste*" duet between Templeton and Miss Romer is generally *encored*. The subject is found in the overture, and is also introduced into the finale with success, as it is catching and popular. Phillips has an ineffective scena in the first act, and a pretty serenade in the second; but none of the single pieces are particularly striking. Upon the whole, although there is much cleverness in Balfé's music, it is not remarkable for originality. It is pretty, and sometimes sparkling, and there are sufficient indications of talent to prove that, if he were not to compose so fast, he could do better things. The reputation to be acquired by such an opera is ephemeral, and we look forward with more confidence to the future, when Balfé has not to write against time.

**MR. PHILLIPS' NEW OPERA.**—Mr. H. Phillips signalized his benefit at Drury Lane, on Thursday night, by the production of an opera, the music and words of which were his own composition. It was announced in the advertisements that this leading English vocalist had never before trespassed on the kindness of his friends in the same manner; but with the fondness for his own offspring, which alike distinguishes the fathers of good and bad children, Mr. Phillips was resolved to indemnify himself for past forbearance, and not only to submit his pretensions as a singer (which need no recommendation at this time of day,) but his qualifications as poet and composer to the indulgent admiration of a benefit night.

We are sorry, for Mr. Phillips's sake, that he has miscalculated his powers; but—

"Non omnia possumus omnes."

The audience endured the piece with general good humour to nearly the close; when they significantly pronounced the *Harvest Home* premature—not so, we trust Mr. Phillips's expectations of the benefits to be reaped by him on the occasion, and which he richly deserves on other considerations, than the merits of his first (and we suppose last) opera.

#### COURT CIRCULAR.

HER MAJESTY and her august mother attended Divine Service on Sunday morning, at the Chapel Royal, St. James's. The musical service was Aldrich's in G. The anthem was "Sing, O Heavens," (Kent.) Mr. Sale presided at the organ.

The Queen honoured the performances at her Majesty's theatre, on Tuesday and Saturday evenings, with her presence. The Duchess of Kent accompanied her Majesty on both occasions.

Her Majesty the Queen Dowager attended Divine Service on Sunday morning, at the Chapel Royal, St. James's.

Her Majesty the Queen Dowager and the Duke of Cambridge attended Divine Service on Sunday afternoon, at the Chapel Royal, St. James's.

The Duke of Cambridge and the Duchess of Gloucester attended Divine Service on Sunday morning, at the Foundling Hospital.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

**MELODISTS.**—The prizes offered by the Melodists' Club, for the best song and duet, will be awarded on Thursday next; there are three candidates for the first, and two for the second. The prizes will be presented at the meeting in July, when ladies will be invited to hear the successful compositions sung, &c.

**GLEE CLUB.**—Three candidates entered the lists as competitors for the prize (of ten guineas) offered by the Glee Club for the best approved cheerful glee, namely, Mr. Elliott, Mr. Hawes, and Mr. Walmisley. The compositions were sung at the last meeting of the society on Saturday, when the prize was awarded to Mr. Elliott.

Mr. Killick, of Gravesend, gave a concert on Friday last, which was well attended. The singers from London were Miss Birch, Messrs. Hobbs, and Parry, jun. Lindley delighted every one with his performance; and W. Cramer (who led the band) played a brilliant solo on the violin. Mr. Killick's performance on the pianoforte elicited very great and deserved applause.

**ST. ANN'S, WANDSWORTH.**—Mr. Norman has been elected the organist to this Church.

**HAMMERSMITH.**—On Wednesday evening, May 9th, a selection from Handel's Messiah was performed at the Baptist Chapel, Hammersmith. The principal vocalists were Misses Jenkins and Dettmer, Messrs. Turner, Willing, and Novello.

**CATCH CLUB.**—The compositions received from the candidates for the prize offered by the Catch Club will be sung to-morrow, and probably reduced to two, and the adjudication will take place on Tuesday week.

**MUSICAL FESTIVAL.**—It is expected that two grand performances of sacred music, in Westminster Abbey, will follow after the ceremonial of the coronation of Her Majesty. The chief difficulty lies in obtaining the consent of Dr. Ireland, the dean.

**ACADEMY OF MUSIC.**—The third concert by the pupils of the Royal Academy of Music has been postponed from the 26th instant to Friday following, in consequence of a severe domestic calamity which has befallen the leader and director of the orchestra, Mr. F. Cramer, who has lately lost a son, a fine young man of two-and-twenty, who had been educated for the church.

**THE CORONATION.**—The arrangements at present made for the orchestra have been on the most shabby grade, and unless the two thousand pounds required by Sir George Smart, in addition to the sum voted at the last coronation, be granted, in all probability the senior, respectable, and most talented artists in the profession will be excluded. The only parties certain of engagements up to this hour are the church men, the court musicians, and the royal academicians. The usual compositions of Handel are to be performed, with the anthem "I was glad," by Attwood, another by Knvyett, and, *inter alia*, responses by Sir G. Smart.

A silly paragraph in the Morning Chronicle, written to puff Sir G. Smart in a character it is well known he ought never to appear in, lays down the position that he (Sir George) can "play the organ," and "give the time to the band," simultaneously. Sir George can do no such thing, and if the writer wishes to know why, we will give him our reasons.

M. MUELLER, the double-bass player, is engaged for the next Philharmonic Concert, at which he will play variations of his own composition, on a theme of Haydn.

THE COUNTESS DE ROSSI (Madlle. Sontag) is expected in a few days in Paris to join her husband, who is appointed ambassador from the court of Sardinia to St. Petersburg.

**ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.**—There are already several sets of sixteen, and twenty-four ladies and gentlemen, formed to dance quadrilles, at the Academy of Music Ball, on the 8th of June, in various costumes, under the superintendence of the Ladies Patronesses. The first issue of vouchers has been exhausted, and it is deemed necessary to issue a second, in order to meet the great demand for them.

**MUSICAL LECTURE.**—On Friday Mr. Hickson delivered another lecture at Willis's Rooms, on the introduction of vocal music, as a branch of national education, and in illustration of the means to be adopted in teaching music to children. The lecturer was attended by a body of juvenile choristers, selected from the different free-schools in the metropolis, whose efforts fully justified Mr. Hickson in the possibility of carrying into practice his well studied system of musical instruction.

---

Second Edition, Revised and Corrected.

DEDICATED BY SPECIAL PERMISSION

TO HIS GRACE THE LORD ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY,

**PSALMS AND HYMNS FOR THE SERVICE OF THE CHURCH.**

The words selected by

THE REV. H. H. MILMAN, M.A.

The Music including Chants for the Services, Responses to the Commandments, and a Concise System of Chanting,

By J. B. SALE,

Musical Instructor and Organist to Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, &c. Quarto, neat, in morocco cloth, price 2s. To be had of Mr. J. B. Sale, 25, Holywell Street, Millbank, Westminster, and, by order, of the principal Booksellers and Music Warehouses.

"A great advance on the works we have hitherto had, connected with our Church and Cathedral Service."—Times.

"A collection of Psalm Tunes certainly unequalled in this country."—Literary Gazette.

"One of the best collections of tunes which we have yet seen. Well merits the distinguished patronage under which it appears."—Musical World.

"A collection of Psalms and Hymns, together with a system of Chanting of a very superior character to any which has hitherto appeared."—John Bull.

In 18mo. neat in cloth, 1s.; extra gilt edges, 2s. 6d.

A SELECTION OF PSALMS AND HYMNS, by the Rev. H. H. Milman, M.A.; with Mr. SALE'S CONCISE SYSTEM OF CHANTING.

A liberal allowance to clergymen wishing to introduce them into their churches.

London: NICHOLS & CO., 25, Parliament Street.

---

UNDER THE SPECIAL PATRONAGE OF THE QUEEN, AND THE ROYAL FAMILY.

RAMSEY'S PATENT VOLTI SUBITO,

**AN** Elegant Machine for turning over the leaves of Music, may be had of all Music-sellers, and of the Manufacturer,

J. F. MYERS, 23 a, Albemarle Street.

Patentee of the *Eolophon*, upon which favourite instrument a selection of popular music is performed every Wednesday and Saturday, commencing at Three, and again at Eight o'clock. Admission gratis.



## MORI AND LAVENU'S

NEW PUBLICATIONS, (VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL)

28, NEW BOND STREET.

**DOEHLER'S FANTASIA AND**

Brilliant Variations of Bravura on "Nel veder la tua costanza," from Anna Bolena.

— Fantasia on airs from Lucia di Lammermoor.

— Fantasia from Scaramucias.

— Deux Nocturnes

The above performed by Monsieur Doehler at the Public and Private Concerts.

Herz, H. Last New Fantasia on airs from Lucia di Lammermoor, performed by the author with the most brilliant success.

Liszt. German Melodies, by Schubert, in 2 Nos., each 3s.

Sebastian Bach's celebrated Organ Fugues and

Preludes, edited by Cipriani Potter, in 6 Nos., each 8s.

Czerny, C. Three Fantasias from Lucia di Lammermoor.

Huntén's Deux Rondeaux on favourite airs from

Halevy's L'Eclair, 2 Nos., each 3s.

— Duet for two performers on the pianoforte,

on "Ave Maria," by Puget.

— ditto, a romance by Puget.

Select airs from the Opera Lucia di Lammermoor,

in 3 books, each 5s.

— For two performers, from ditto, in 3 books,

each 5s.

— From Malek Adel, in 4 books, by Dumon.

— ditto, (for two performers) 3 books.

Burgmüller's Divertissement on themes from "Le

Fidèle Berger," Op 42, 3s.

Gomion's Souvenir de Lucia—Fantasia on airs

from Lucia di Lammermoor.

## VOCAL MUSIC.

All the Arias, Duettos, Trios, &amp;c., in the Operas

Lucia di Lammermoor, Parisina, Roberto Devereux,

Marino Faliero, and Costa's Malek Adel.

HARP AND PIANO DUETS, ARRANGED

BY BOCHSA.

Select Airs from Donizetti's Opera's Lucia di Lammermoor,

Parisina, and Roberto Devereux.

The celebrated Parisian waltz and galop from the

Daughter of the Danube.

Piauti's Pas de Valse, from the Brigand de Terracine.

Admired pas Styriens, 3s.

The admired duets "Vanne se alberghi," "Oh!

guardate che figura," and the popular march from

Adam's Ballet Faust.

## HARP SOLOS, BY BOCHSA.

Cavatina "A te diro," from Roberto Devereux,

3s.

Cavatina "Sogno Talor," and chorus "Guerrier

Drapello," from Parisina, 3s.

The favourite March and the Romance "Una

Furtiva Lagrima," from L'Elisir D'Amore,

2s. 6d.

Quelques idées, from Meyerbeer's Opera Les Huguenots,

2 Nos. 2s. 6d.

Souvenir de Seville. Capriccio on the Bolero, sung

by Stockhausen, 2s. 6d.

Piauti's Pas de Valse, 2s.

Labarre's Dernière pensée musicale de Bellini, Op.

76, 3s.

— Scotch Martial Fantasia } Performed by

— Sonate de Concert. } Author at va-

— Notturno Espagnol. } rious Concerts

J. B. Chatterton's Rondo on "Jeunes Beautés,"

from the Huguenots.

## WALTZES, QUADRILLES, &amp;c.

Musard's Quadrilles from Lucia di Lammermoor,

2 sets, each 3s.

Doehler's La Ressemblance—Valse favourite, (with

a Portrait of the Composer.)

Musard's Quadrilles from the Daughter of the

Danube, 2 sets, each 3s.

— La Lucia Valse (with a Portrait of Madame

Persiani), 2s. 6d.

Strauss's Waltzes. All the favourite waltzes com-

posed and performed by Mr. Strauss and his un-

rivalled band.

MORI AND LAVENU'S, Musical Library,

28, New Bond Street.

## CONCERT ROOMS, HANOVER SQUARE.

**MR. W. STERNDALÉ BENNETT** has the honour to announce that his concert is fixed to take place on Friday Evening, May 28, 1838.

## VOCAL PERFORMERS.

Mrs. H. R. Bishop, Mlle. Koenig, Mrs. Alfred Shaw, Mrs. W. Else (late Miss Denkin), Miss Dolby, and Miss Masson. Herr Kroff, Mr. J. Bennett, Mr. Allen, and Mr. H. Phillips.

Mr. W. S. Bennett will play a new MS. Concerto in F minor, and a new Caprice with Orchestral Accompaniments; Mr. Blagrove, Beethoven's celebrated Violin Concerto; Mr. Richardson, an Obligato on the Flute; and Mr. Moscheles will, with Mr. W. S. Bennett, perform his Duo for two Pianofortes, entitled "Homage a Handel." In the course of the evening the following Music will be introduced:

Symphony (D minor).....Spohr.

Overture (Hebriden).....Mendelssohn.

Overture (Preciosa).....Weber.

The Band will be numerous, effective, and complete in every department.

Leader, Mr. F. Cramer.

Conductor, Sir George Smart.

To commence punctually at Eight o'Clock.

Tickets, Half-a-Guinea each, to be had at all the principal Music Shops, and of Mr. W. S. Bennett, 78, Portland Chambers, Great Titchfield Street.

## MR. DOEHLER.

**FIVE New Compositions for the**

Pianoforte by this extraordinary performer are now published, at WESSEL &amp; Co's, 6, Frith Street, Soho Square, viz.—Quatre Morceaux de salon, containing his Grand Variations on "Viv tu," &amp;c.; also his "Mode de Londres," Rondino on Strauss' Sonnambules Waltz, 3s. 6d. Other works by Mr. Doehler are in preparation.

N B. Strauss' Valses Universelles, containing 31 sets, (both Solo and Duet for Piano) are the Uniform Editions published by WESSEL &amp; Co.

## HOGARTH'S MUSICAL HISTORY.

This Day, Second Edition, in Two Volumes, Price 10s. 6d.

**MUSICAL HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, and CRITICISM;** being a General Survey of Music from the earliest to the present time. A New Edition, enlarged and improved.

By GEORGE HOGARTH, Esq.

London: JOHN W. PARKER, West Strand.

## Now Published

FOR THE FIRST TIME IN THIS COUNTRY,

Price Six Shillings, Book 1 of

**THE Choral and Instrumental Fugues** of JOHN SEBASTIAN BACH, in continuation of the English Edition of his Forty-eight Preludes and Fugues, arranged from his masses. Litanies, Oratorios, and Exercises. By Henry John Gauntlett.

## CONTENTS.

No. 1, Chorale from the Vorspiele. No. 2, Fugue in G minor, (No. 1) with Pedal Obligato. No. 3, "Gratias Agimus tibi," from a Gloria in D major. No. 4, Fugue in C minor, with Pedal Obligato. No. 5, Choral Fugue in G minor, from a Litaney. No. 6, Fugue from a Toccata in E minor.

Each number may be had separately.

Book 2 is now engraved, and contains—No. 7, Kyrie Eleison, five part Fugue from the Missa in G major. No. 8, Fugue in D minor (No. 1). No. 9, Fugue in D minor (No. 2). No. 10, Rondo in A, from the Six Sonatas. No. 11, Fugue in D minor on the Chorale, "Wir Glauben all an einen Gott." No. 12, Grand Fugue in E flat, (performed by M. Mendelssohn at the Birmingham Festival) on the Chorale called St. Ann's Tune.

C. Lonsdale, 26, Old Bond-street, Music Seller to the Royal and Noble Directors of the Concerts of Ancient Music.

**MR. W. H. HOLMES** (Professor of the Piano-forte at the Royal Academy of Music) has the honour to announce that his **MORNING CONCERT** will take place at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Tuesday, June 5, at half-past one o'clock precisely, under the patronage of The Most Hon. the Marchioness of Carmarthen, the Right Hon. the Dowager Countess of Dartmouth, the Right Hon. the Countess of Bradford, the Right Hon. the Countess of Kinneal, the Right Hon. the Countess of Shrewsbury, the Right Hon. Lady Georgiana Nevill, the Right Hon. Lady Sarah Murray, the Right Hon. Lady Barbara Newdigate, the Right Hon. Lady Anne Legge, the Right Hon. Lady Burghersh, the Right Hon. Lady Vernon, the Right Hon. Lady Alice Peel, the Right Hon. Lady Frances Finch, Lady Ashley Cooper, the Hon. Mrs. Legge, Mrs. Henry Charles Hoare, His Grace the Archbishop of York, His Grace the Duke of Devonshire, the Right Hon. Lord Burghersh, the Right Hon. Lord Vernon, the Right Hon. Lord Reay, the Right Hon. Major Legge. Mr. Holmes will perform a Capriccio on the Grand Piano-forte, also in a duet with his pupil, Miss Thomson; both composed by Mr. Holmes expressly for this occasion. Miss Theodora, daughter of Mr. Holmes, will perform a Grand Fantasia (her first appearance). Vocal performers already engaged—Mesdames Placci, Alfred Shaw, Fanny Wyndham, Flower, W. Seguin, and Sheriff Messrs Ivanoff, De Bagnis, Giubelei, Wilson, Parry, Jun., Gear, C. H. Purday, and H. Phillips. Instrumental Solo Performers—Violin, Mr. Mori; Violoncello, Mr. Lindley; Clarionette, Mr. Willman; Horn, Signor Puzzi. The band and chorus will be on a grand scale. Leader, Mr. Mori; Conductor, Sir George Smart. Tickets Half-a-Guinea each, to be had at the Music Warehouses; and of Mr. Holmes, at his residence, 36, Beaumont Street, Devonshire Place.

#### MR. NEATE

Has the honour to announce that his **LAST SOIREE MUSICALE** will take place on Monday, MAY 28th, at the

**HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS,** Under the Patronage of His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, when he will be assisted by the following eminent talent:—

**IN THE VOCAL DEPARTMENT,** by Mrs. Alfred Shaw, Mrs. Bishop, Miss Bruce, and Mdlle. Placci (Herr Kroff will also sing one of his favourite German Songs.)

**IN THE INSTRUMENTAL,** by Messrs. Moscheles, Puzzi, Grattan Cooke, Sedlatzek, Lazarus, Lucas, Willey, E. W. Thomas, Hill, &c. Mr. Neate will perform several classical pieces on the Piano-forte, accompany Mr. Moscheles in a Sonata of Beethoven's, and also take the Violoncello in a Quartet of Mozart. Mr. H. R. Bishop will accompany the Vocal Music. To commence at Eight o'clock.

Three Tickets, one Guinea; and Single Tickets, Half-a-Guinea; may be had of Mr. Neate, 8, Argyl Place; and at the principal Music Shops.

**THE ONLY GRAND MORNING CONCERT** at the Concert Room, **HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.** On Monday, the 28th of May, Mesdames Grisi and Persiani will sing the celebrated duet, "Sull'aria," from "Le Nozze di Figaro." Mesdames Grisi and Albertazzi the popular duet of "Ebben a te Ferisci," from Semiramide; and the celebrated sestet in Don Giovanni, by Mesdames Grisi, Albertazzi, and Persiani, Signor Rubini, Tamburini, and Lablache, at **IVANOFF'S GRAND CONCERT.** M. Doehler, the extraordinary pianist, will play a Grand Fantasia; Mr. Mori will play a New Concerto on the Violin; M. Labarre a Fantasia on the Harp; and Signor Puzzi a Solo on the Horn.

Boxes, Stalls, and Pit Tickets to be had at Addison and Beale's, 201, Regent Street; Charles Olivier's Music Warehouse, 41, New Bond Street; or of all the principal Music sellers; and of Signor Ivanoff, 208, Regent Street.

#### QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOM, HANOVER SQUARE.

**UNDER the Patronage and in the Presence of H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, The Earl and Countess of Jersey, Viscount Villiers, Sir H. and Lady Emily Hardinge, Lady Peel.**

**MISS COOPER, and HERR ERNST** have the honour to announce that their Benefit Concert will take place at the above Room on Friday Evening, June 1st, to commence at Half-Past Eight o'clock.

#### VOCAL PERFORMERS.

Madame Pasta, who will be engaged immediately on her arrival, Miss Lanza, Miss Cooper, Mr. Wilson, Herr Kroff, Sig. Castellani, Giubelei, A. Giubelei, Leganero, and De Bagnis.

#### INSTRUMENTAL PERFORMERS.

Piano-forte, Miss Cooper; Harp, Miss F. Chatterton; Flute, Herr Ernst, Oboe, Mr. Barre; Bassoon, Mr. Baumann. An Improvisazione by Signor F. Pistrucci.

Tickets Half-a-Guinea each, to be had of Miss Cooper, 58, Edgware Road; of Herr Ernst, 19, Norton Street, and the principal Music Sellers.

#### "HANDEL'S HEAD," BUCKLEBSBURY.

**MR. WATSON, AUCTIONEER** of MUSICAL and every Description of Property, Appraiser, and House Agent, 31, Bucklebsbury.—Mr. W. batters himself, from the long connexion he has had with the Musical Circles, (upwards of 15 years), that Ladies and Gentlemen desirous of disposing of their Libraries and Instruments, will find, by entrusting them to his care for that purpose, that their interests will be more promoted than by any other channel.

Mr. W. embraces this opportunity of acknowledging the kind patronage that he has always experienced from Amateurs, the Profession, and the Trade in general.

#### WHITE TEETH. ROWLAND'S ODONTO, OR PEARL DENTIFRICE.

**A VEGETABLE WHITE POWDER,** prepared from Oriental Herbs of the most Delicious Odour and Sweetness, and free from any mineral or pernicious ingredient; it eradicates the Tartar from the Teeth, removes decayed Spots, preserves the Enamel, and fixes the Teeth firmly in their sockets, rendering them Beautifully White. Being an Anti-Scorbutic, it eradicates the Scurvy from the Gums, strengthens, braces, and renders them of a healthy red; it removes unpleasant tastes from the mouth, which often remain after fevers, taking medicine, &c., and imparts a delightful fragrance to the breath.

Price 2s. 9d. per box, duty included.

**ROWLAND'S ALSANA EXTRACT** Immediately relieves the most Violent Tooth-Ache, Gum Boils, Swelled Face, &c.; it is also an excellent Stomachic, in cases of Flatulency, Spasmodic Affections, &c., and gives instantaneous relief.

Price 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 10s. 6d. per bottle.

**NOTICE—The Name and Address of the Proprietors.**

**A. ROWLAND & SON, 20, HATTON GARDEN, LONDON,**

is engraved on the Government Stamp, which is pasted on each; also printed in red, on the Wrapper in which the article is enclosed.

Be sure to ask for "Rowlands."

Sold by them, and by respectable Perfumers and Medicine Vendors.

**LONDON:**—Published for the Proprietors, by HENRY HOOPER, 13, Pall Mall East, & R. GROOMBRIDGE, Panzer Alley, Paternoster Row, every Thursday Afternoon, at Four o'clock, where Advertisements, for Review, and Communications for the Editor, will be received.—The Musical World may be had, by order, of all Book and Music Sellers.

Printed by WILLIAM WILCOCKSON, Rolls Buildings, Fetter Lane, London.